COLLEGE NEWS

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FLORENCE W. HUTSINPILLAR,
President of the Student Government Association.

The Shakespeare Play.

The Shakespeare Play, twice postponed because of rain, was finally given on Wednesday afternoon, June 17, and again in the evening. Both performances were exceedingly creditable, but the first, while it gained by sun and shade a setting that seemed in truth the very forest of Arden, was less spontaneous and less finished than the other. At night, too, the actors in an outdoor play are out of sight when they are out of scene, their heavier make-ups are more of a disguise, and their entrances far more effective. The group of foresters with their songs, and the pretty rustic dance were more telling at the second performance, while the play as a whole attained an illusion and a beauty of which the Society may well be proud.

The caste was even. Miss Kelly's Orlando showed a depth of feeling and an understanding of her lines born of close study and unusual powers of appreciation which struck the key-note of the play. The Rosalind was fresh, captivating, natural—qualities none too common in a college heroine. Celia was charming. Jacques famous. "All the world's a stage" carned applause both times, and the audience hailed every entrance of Touchstone and Audrey. Miss Woodward's William stands in delighted memory as one of the most genuinely funny louts the college has seen.

But what distinguishes this play was not individual work. It was the evident feeling throughout the caste for the lines and situations, the evident earnest attempt to embody and realize that feeling. The grouping and by-play were unusually good, the latter quite exceptionally so. Phebe's dancing and Amiens' songs deserve special mention, and the choruses were something new, and an addition. Altogether, enhanced by the color in the costuming, by music, by dancing, but above all, because of the players love for their beautiful lines, "As You Like It," stands a worthy successor to the other Shakespeare plays given at Wellesley. C. B. D.

Float Night.

The most beautiful Float Night that Wellesley has seen in years, followed a day of cloud, wind and rain. When the guests assembled on the shore, which was thickly dotted with Japanese lanterns, the lake was as smooth as glass. When darkness fell, no one who was so fortunate as to see it, will ever forget the picture,—the great glare of the calcium lights making a huge area of brightness, into which slipped canoes, bright crimson or green or black, some of them paddled by girls, kneeling in their prows; some by men, swinging easily along; some propelled by less picturesque oars. But however they were sent through the water, whether hung with gay lanterns or not, it gave the spectator almost an eerie feeling to see them glide so silently into the light and then as silently disappear into the darkness. There was a sail boat, too, winging here and there like some great white bird; and the Hunnewell gondola, with its huge white prow, glimmered in the shadows. Skyrockets blazed through the darkness, and made it seem even blacker when they disappeared. And the band played bewitching music, and black-coated men and light-frocked girls and bundled-up mothers walked and talked and laughed and enjoyed everything.

MADELEINE STEELE,
Senior President.

LOUISE HUNTER,
Vice-President of the Student Government Association.

The rowing of all the crews was excellent, but of the six, Nineteen Three, Nineteen Four, the first and second crews of Nineteen Five and Nineteen Six,—the Senior's rowing was perhaps the very best. When the shells came together to form first a great W, and then the traditional star, the effect was absolutely perfect.

There was not a breath of wind, nor a ripple to disturb the formation of the shells. For this same reason—the great stillness of the night—the singing was heard at its best advantage. The class songs and the Senior, Junior and Sophomore crew songs were enthusiastically received, and the final song, "'Where, oh where are the grand old Seniors?" never sounded more solemn and beautiful. It sobered everyone, even guests unfamiliar with college life, for they all realized that another year was over, and another class going out to "the wide, wide world."

College News.

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Editor-in-Chief, Carolyn P. Nelson, 1905.
Associate Editor, Helen R. Norton, 1905.
Literary Editors,
Martha Hale Shackford, '96 Mabel Seagrave, 1905
Mary Esther Chase, '95 Ellen Manchester, 1905
Managing Editors,
Carrie M. Holt, 1903 Betsey M. Todd, 1903

Crimson and Rose.

Rose is the tint of youth
When all the world is young,
All beauty and all truth
Before its pathway flung;
But the life blood flows in a crimson tide
In the rosy cheek of the blushing bride.
Rose is the morning gleam,
The hope of days begun,
But crimson is the stream
Of light at set of sun;
And the rosy glow, and the crimson ray
Both turn to softest silver gray.
Be rosy while ye may,
Sweet hopes with morning bright
Bring in the perfect day,
And crown achievements bright;
With rose to begin, and crimson to close,
The days shall be sweet as the heart of the rose

C. H., 1903.

Another college year is over, and in this number the News must say farewell to its friends for the summer vacation. When we come together again in the fall, things will be changed somewhat; 1903 will be gone 1904 will be wearing the cap and gown and a new Freshman class will be stored in every available spot in the Village. It is very hard for Freshmen who live in the Village to appreciate the ideals of college life and to realize the responsibility which rests upon each one of them as members of the Student Government Association. Girls come to college right out of boarding school, where they have been more or less restricted; they are, borne off their feet by the freedom of college life and are apt not to remember "noblesse oblige." Next year practically all of the Freshmen will be in the Village, and the only way to avoid the evils which are likely to befall an organization like our Student Government Association, is for those girls who have been in College one, two or three years, who have been imbued with the spirit of Student Government, to feel themselves personally responsible for the Freshmen, and bounden in every possible way to give them what they lose by not living on the campus. We write to Freshmen during the summer, welcoming them to college; we meet them at the station in the fall and escort them to their houses; we take them to the Christian Association reception and the Sophomore Promenade, and then we let them alone, and consider that our duty is done by them. But it is not; it is only just begun. We must not let the Freshmen go at this point. It is incumbent upon us, as girls who have had some experience, as loyal members of Student Government, individually to seek out the Freshmen, to visit them in their houses in the Village and help them to start in with the right ideals of College life, that they may not have to begin all over again when their Sophomore year moves them up to the college buildings.

The editors feel that they are but voicing the general sentiment of the college in expressing to Professor Macdougall their thanks for the beautiful organ music during the trying time of examinations. For some time it has been Professor Macdougall's custom to play fifteen or twenty minutes after chapel during examination week, and we have begun to look to these few minutes as a great alleviation of the strain of that time. Last week the music was particularly enjoyable and we thank Professor Macdougall most heartily.

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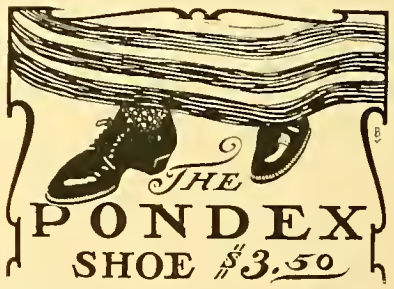
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Commencement Program.

June 19, 7.30 P. M., Senior Dramatics.
June 20, 4.00 P.M., Garden Party, Art Building.
7.30 P.M., Singing in College Hall Center.
June 21, 11.00 A.M., Baccalaureate Sermon by Dr. George S. Gordon, Houghton Memorial Chapel.
7.00 P.M., Vespers.
June 22, 3.00 P.M., Glee and Mandolin Club Concert in College Hall Chapel.
7.30 P.M., College Concert and Senior Reception.
June 23, 11.00 A.M., Commencement exercises, Houghton Memorial chapel. Orator, Richard Watson Gilder.
3.00 P.M., Tree Day Dances.
5.00 P.M., Class supper.
June 24, Alumnæ Day.

THE GARDEN PARTY.

Saturday, June the 20th, was the day set for the Garden Party, and, in accordance with the weather program for Commencement Week, it rained. When the rain began to fall early in the afternoon, everyone was confident that it would be only a shower, but the rain did not stop, and so the Garden Party was transferred from the hill to the Art Building. Even garden parties that are not held out of doors may be very delightful, and 1903's Garden Party proved no exception. There were a large number of guests present, and everyone seemed to have a good time. The many pretty gowns appeared no less attractive in-doors and the picture of Garden Party was not spoiled. The guests entered the Art Building by the north door, and were escorted by the Senior Aids bearing wands tied with rose and red ribbons to the gallery to meet the receiving line, Miss Ainslee, President Hazard, Mrs. Durant, Dean Pendleton, Miss Landis. Ice was served by Junior assistants, and a very sociable time followed. An orchestra was stationed in one of the side corridors, the music of which added much to the spirit of the occasion.

SINGING ON THE CHAPEL STEPS.

There was no singing on the Chapel steps, Saturday evening, the rain did not stop for that, but there was singing in College Hall Center, and very good singing, too. The girls' voices, which are often weak in the open air, sounded clear and strong in the Center, and rather than losing by being indoors, the singing was much improved. The program began with the singing of "Where, O Where are the Verdant Freshmen," then followed "'Neath the Oaks," "The Sign of the Four," and "Juanita." The class songs beginning with '99's were then given, 1903's last, and "Alma Mater" and the Wellesley cheer ended the program.

The Glee and Mandolin Club Concert.

Again the rain interfered with the program of Commencement Week, and the Glee and Mandolin Club Concert was given in College Hall Chapel Monday afternoon, instead of by Longfellow Pond. To say that the concert was well attended would be to speak far too mildly—the Chapel was crowded to the doors and the corridors on the second and third floors in the vicinity of the chapel were filled with those who attended the concert, at least in spirit, if not in person. At the request of the leader of the Glee Club, the Freshmen and Sophomores gave up their seats so that as far as possible all courtesy was extended to the guests. The selections, both by the Glee and Mandolin Clubs, were well given, and to judge from the applause, the concert gave entire satisfaction. "Nursery Rhymes," "A Little Dog Barked at the Big Round Moon," dedicated to the Wellesley Glee Club and Miss Daniels' solo, "Oh, no, little girls, oh, no," were received with especial favor. During the concert, the weather took such a decided change for the better that the last number on the program, "Alma Mater," with the Wellesley cheer was given from the balcony over the north door, while the guests gathered about the circle in front of College Hall. Following the Glee and Mandolin Club concert, a short band concert was given out of doors and a general promenade followed.

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CLASS REUNIONS.

EIGHTY-THREE REUNION.

We began to arrive on Saturday afternoon, and by dinner time eight of us were at College Hall. Our number did not increase till Monday, so that the eight kept together, visiting and attending services.

All day Monday and Tuesday we added to our number so that by the time we were in Auburndale at the class dinner, there were present the following eighteen:

Mrs. Harriet Scoville Devan, Mrs. Kate Squires Muller, Miss Clara Skeele, Mrs. Gertrude Belden Chestresmith, Mrs. Susan Greene Scoville, Mrs. Mary Dudley Felker, Mrs. Florence Runnells Bryant, Mrs. Carrie Park Harrington, Mrs. Kate Darling Filler, Mrs. Adelaide Eaton Abbe, Mrs. Harriet Cook Nelson, Mrs. Julia Glidden McCoy, Miss Sarah E. Dickinson, Mrs. Mary DeVeny Wasson, Mrs. Clara Ames Hayward, Mrs. Alice Upton Pearmain, Mrs. Emma Sherburne Eaton, Mrs. Nellie Page Bates.

After dinner Mrs. Eaton read letters from a dozen of the absent members and distributed photographs of some of the husbands and children of the class.

Mrs. Devan presided as toast mistress.

Mrs. Abbe responded to a toast to "Wellesley as she was and is."

At this point, the program was unceremoniously interrupted in order to catch the last car for college.

On Thursday, Mrs. Muller entertained us at her home in Arlington, and afterward took us to drive.

MARY DEV. WASSON, '83.

REUNION OF CLASS OF EIGHTY-EIGHT.

The class of Eighty-Eight held its Fifteenth Reunion at Norumbega, on Monday, June 22, at 1.30, P. M. There were thirty-seven present out of a class membership of sixty-five. Five of the class children and one brother-in-law participated in the festivities..

The tables were effectively decorated in the class colors with blue corn-flowers sent by one of the absent members, Mrs. Stella Wren Banes, and the dinner cards bore the class seal showing the class flower, the violet, and the class motto.

Mrs. Newman was the guest of honor.

The Class President, Mrs. Christabel Lee Safford, presided, and acted as toast mistress. The following toasts were given: Eighty-Eight Sentiment, Helen A. Pierce; Our Missionaries, Gertrude Wilcox Weakley; Our Pedagogic Successes, Margaret T. Algoe; Our Homely Members, Theodora Brown Silver; Our Spinsters, Jessie Claire McDonald; Middle-Aged Frivolities, Mary Estelle Cook; Bohemian Life, Mary L. Wheeler; Our Hostess, M. Callista McCauley; Our Globe Trotters, Edith Cooper Hartmann.

The class roll was called by the Secretary, Margaret T. Algoe. Among the items of interest reported concerning members of the class were, the publication by Chicago University of a book on Legal Tender by Sophonisha P. Breckinridge, and the fact that Elizabeth Abbe was on the eve of receiving a degree as Doctor of Philosophy from Yale.

Signed, BERTHA BAILEY, '88.

NINETY-THREE REUNION.

The class of 1893 held its Decennial Reunion at the Vendome, at 12 o'clock, Saturday, June 20, 1903, with sixty members present.

Annie Tomlinson Sanford acted as toast mistress and after an address of welcome by the President, Emily Foley Foster, toasts were responded to by Grace Grenell Farmer, Gertrude Bigelow, Marion E. Bradbury, Mary N. Young, Adelaide Smith, Josephine P. Simrall, Elizabeth R. Kellogg, Caroline N. Newman gave an "Uncle Remus," story.

The luncheon cards were water-color sketches of the class tree, the white birch, with the Tree Day Song, which were done by Mary B. Hill, who is in Colorado.

Greetings from the class baby, Katharine Hocker Jenkins, in the form of her photograph, were at each plate.

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NINETY-EIGHT REUNION.

The class of '98 held its fifth annual luncheon at The Vendome, Commonwealth avenue, Boston, on Saturday, June 20th, at 1 o'clock. Some of the toasts responded to were, "Seniors—Five Years Ago," Helen Capron; "The Class Babies," Helen Damon; "Alma Mater," Jessie Degen.

Immediately after the luncheon a short business meeting was held at which Charlotte Marshall and Edith Irwin were appointed a committee to collect and keep various class records. All members of the class are urged to co-operate with the committee by sending promptly to them all items of class interest.

Helen Damon and Frances Rousmaniere were appointed a committee to arrange for class luncheons or meetings in non-reunion years. In response to the class roll-call, reports were lacking from only five members. Seventy-five members of the class were present at the luncheon.

EDNA PATTERSON FARRAR, '98.

NINETEEN HUNDRED REUNION.

The triennial reunion of the class of Nineteen Hundred was held at the Hotel Bellevue, Boston. Sixty members were present. At the business meeting before the luncheon, it was unanimously voted not to accept the resignation of the class president, Hannah Hume, who sails for India in October. Her fiance was present at the luncheon. The table decorations were purple and lavender sweet peas and white iris, sent by Miss Helen Gould, honorary member of the class. ELLA S. MASON, 1900.

NINETEEN-TWO REUNION.

The first reunion of the class of 1902 was held at the Westminster Hotel, Boston, June 20, at 12 o'clock. Luncheon was served to seventy-five, exactly half the class. May Mathews was toast mistress, and introduced Nancy Philbrick, Constance Draper, Bess Manwaring, Elizabeth Campbell and Elvira Slack. A business meeting followed, in which it was decided to have luncheons on the years when there was no reunion. Steps were taken toward a memoriol for Mae Rice. Nancy Philbrick was elected editor of the 1902 Record, to be published in 1907, and Mary Montgomery was put in charge of the annual class letter. A telegram from Frances Hughes was read, and one sent to her. Congratulations were sent to the Class of 1900 at its reunion, and an acknowledgment received. Statistics were given to show that during the past year fifty-two 1902 girls had been teaching, and sixty-six at home.

CONSTANCE DRAPER, '02.

Senior Class Supper.

At 6.20 P. M., June 23, the members of 1903 met at the Newton Club for their Class Banquet. Besides the official seniors and their honorary member Miss Caroline Hazard, there were present fifteen returned Prodigals who had taken untimely leave of their class for matrimonial ventures—and others.

Miss Frances Warren presided as toast mistress, and kept the girls in gales of laughter with her irresistible and inimitable fund of wit.

Miss Hazard responded to call for speech with a few gracious words telling of her love and interest for the Class of 1903, and then read the poem "Crimson and Rose," which she had written for her class.

After the last course, the engaged and married girls, led by Mrs. Lucia Proctor Freeman and Mrs. M. Robson Travers, marched around the room, while the unattached sang the Wedding March.

The toasts were as follows: "1903," Sue B. Ainslee; "The Faculty," Clara Richards; "The Engaged Girls," Ednah Whidden; "The Other Classes," Mary B. Jenkins; "The Serious Side," Effie Alene White; "Mirth," Elsie Van Tine Roberts. All were clever, but Miss White's toast was especially well given.

At the close of the toasts President Hazard spoke to the class, as Alumnæ, of the new responsibility and trust involved in the Turning of the Tassel. The banquet broke up at ten, and the class, after escorting President Hazard's carriage to the college gate, went serenading until about half-past one.

Program of Commencement Day.

Organ Prelude, Overture to Ruy Blas,. . . . . Mendelssohn
Processional, "Angel voices, ever singing."
Invocation.
Response, "He shall Give His Angles Charge."
(Words by Alice Freeman Palmer.)
Psalm cxxxvi, (Read from the Melancthon Bible.)
Gloria Patri, (Gregorian.)
Address by Richard Watson Gilder.
Anthem, "O Send out Thy Light," . . . . . H. C. M.
Conferring of Degrees.
Announcements by the President.
Hymn, "Ein' feste Burg," . . . . . Luther
Benediction.
Organ Postlude, March from Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg, Wagner

The Wellesley College Choir.
Professor Macdougall at the Organ.

Baccalaureate Sermon.

The baccalaureate sermon was delivered by Dr. George S. Gordon, pastor of the Old New South Church, in Boston.

Dr. Gordon preached on "The Religion of Friendship," from John XV., 16: "But I have called you friends." He said in part:

Since the morning of time, friendship has been one of the ways by which the soul of man has taken on excellence, and by which it has put forth the highest power. The story of the love between Jonathan and David is an immortal romance. The words of Ruth to Naomi are the classic utterance of pure, passionate and permanent affection.

When you look at it in our ordinary human life, how beautiful it is! The child's power to climb up into the life of its parents; the whole hope of childhood is there. A pupil looking up into the wisdom and strength of his teacher. Men of ordinary capacity following with admiration the great leaders of their time; all looking to the selected leaders of the race as they stand majestic on the field of history; lifting their face to the great constellations that shine forever of the elect and glorious teachers of humanity. This is one of the civilizing powers; this is one of the developing forces of life.

Here our great Master, Christ, speaks to our being. He offers himself to our friendship. He does more. He becomes to his disciples a philosophy of friendship. He discovers in every man a capacity for three great forms of friendship, and he offers himself as guide into them.

First, there is a capacity for friendship with those who are above us. Jesus is the great introducer to that kind of friendship and he is the great revealer to each man that he has a capacity for it.

Jesus shows this capacity for friendship in another way—by bringing us into friendship with those who are on the same level with ourselves. And this is a higher attainment. Friendship for those who are of the same class and on the same level with us, if it is genuine, means simply the discovery of God on the level of our own life.

But there is a higher form yet. The discovery of God in what lies below us—below us in the range of being, below us in worth of being, below us in power. The development that comes to a man through entering into fellowship with that which is above him, and with that which is about him, we now trace through his fellowship with that which is beneath him.

Here then is my final word to you. Take your capacity for friendship to the Master of the Christian world, and ask him to interpret it. Go with him, and he will teach you to revere, to enter, and to possess the God who comes to you from above. Keep close to him, and he will teach you to do something more difficult—to enter and to hold in all reverence and gratitude the God who comes to you from the men and women who are about you, who are of your own time and who stand on your level. Keep close to him, and he will carry you a step further; he will teach you to look with awe and pity upon the sinful members of humanity, and through awe and pity to enter into the sense of the God who dwells in the dark and terrible side of society.

BACCALAUREATE VESPERS.

The last vesper service of the year was held on Sunday night Unfortunately, the rain continued to come, but so did the people. The visitors who didn't know our musical vespers, came for various reasons, chiefly parental; and the Seniors came because no weather could keep them away from the last of those splendid services that have been so evidently a valued contribution to their enjoyment of the last three years. It was the first time we remember hearing the Choir sing unassisted on a special vesper evening; their forces have always been augmented by Boston singers, bass and tenor. But they have proved their ability now to sing alone, a large, ambitious composition, and to need no low voices to give it with the greatest credit.

The order of service was as follows:

Service Prelude.
Processional, "Jerusalem, the Golden". . . . . Messiter
Invocation.
Hymn, "O Saviour, Precious Saviour."
Service Anthem, "I waited for the Lord". . . . . Mendelsschn
Address, by the President of the College.
Violin, "Romance". . . . . Svendsen
Prayers.
Recessional, "Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise,"
E. J. Hopkins

President Hazard's address dealt with the elements for strength in life that girls ought to get from their college years; it made a memorable supplement to the sermon of the morning.

Commencement Address by Richard Watson Gilder.

The idea of preaching ideals to idealists like these girls! I hear some of you—think. Why, they are running over with ideals; they are idealists all; even more, they are to one another, and to many others, themselves embodied ideals, and this hour is the very crest and culmination of all their exquisite idealism. It is like laying a duty upon birds and poets to sing, brooks to babble, dreamers to dream.

True enough—gloriously true! But my hope is to say, if possible, a clinging word that may be of service in that unescapable future, when these bright ideals may, some of them, get to be dim, ineffective, and dispensable—a bit house-worn, perhaps; and, furthermore, to insist upon certain specific ideals of special necessity among our people and in our time.

The dictionaries do not always furnish us with just what we want when we go to them for definition, but I have been fortunate in finding the desired shades of meaning for my title word, namely, Ideal, "an imaginary object or individual in which an idea is conceived to be completely realized, hence a standard or model of perfection, as the ideal of beauty, virtue, etc."; again, "a standard of desire, an ultimate object or aim, a mental conception of what is most desirable." I am not to speak of ideals of art or beauty, not of æsthetic ideals or educational ideals, but of ideals of life.

Ideals of life may be separated into several kinds—one implying conscious or unconscious emulation of some one individual or career, or of a group of individuals, historical or contemporaneous. This may even descend to imitation of appearance—dress, cut of hair, tricks of manner. Approaching this sort of ideal is the image of one's self projected imaginatively before the mind's eye and imaginatively existing in certain desired conditions or with certain traits and powers. In the first case one flatters another by imitation; in the second case one tries to live up to a conception of a more interesting, more successful, more useful, more admirable, in fact, a better self. Again, we cherish ideals of moral qualities, ideals of duty, industry, good manners, good behavior, pluck and what not, gathered from various sources.

Life's ideals, you see, may be real or imaginary persons, or groups of persons, that is, composites; or they may be attributes, detached virtues or accomplishments. These various ideals interblend, but always they serve as standards, low or high, according to our intellectual and moral culture or native virtue.

Those are, of course, mistaken who take it that the ideal has only to do with the purely impracticable; to be something entirely outside of life. The misconception comes from adhering to a definition of the word which is legitimate enough, and refers to something which exists only in idea, something, perhaps, which is fanciful, unattainable. They give a moral significance to the term, and they take a dubious and cynical attitude. But we are using the term more broadly, and, in the broad sense, it is clearly demonstrable that the every-day life of every man, woman and child is dominated by his or her ideals. It must be a less than human stupidity in the person, or an absolute deadening by routine, that utterly eliminates the influence of standards, of ideals from any life. Take the dullest individuals known to you leading the most monotonous possible existences, and see whether their tread-mill days are utterly lacking in influences from fixed ideals. One way in which you may test this is to run counter to the convention of the locality, or the social or religious group, and then find out what a figure you cut in the eyes of the narrowest and heaviest spirits in the whole community. You are likely to discover that these have very definite aims and ideals; their ideals may be small, even sensual, base; they may be what you call superstitious, yet some of these ideals may be, also, in their way, admirable.

The Russian peasants seem a stolid lot; think of the tragedy of the late coronation, where in a panic-stricked crowd, they perished like poor, stupid sheep. But some, at least, of their ideals are of a kind that poets praise. I thought so, when I saw at Jerusalem, the Russians pilgrims awaiting for days and days the fraudulent miracle of the holy fire at the so-called Tomb of Christ. It was a pitiful sight when one remembered the long, hard journey—and the strenuous desire to lay hold of a less burdensome life in another state of existence; but it was a spectacle, not without color of ideality, in the uplifting sense.

The prophet, the sensualist, the miser, the benefactor, the reformer and the poor fellow with a brain incapable of carrying a great thought without an errant gait, whom we call crank or fanatic—all these have their ideals and are striving, indolently or forthrightly, to attain them. It is the ideal of many youths to be prize-fighters, pick-pockets, or all 'round crooks. Not long ago at Hampton, I heard a colored man tell with pleasing frankness of the change that had come in his own ideals of life. His essay was named "A Changed Ideal." His young ambition had been to attain to be an "extra good middle-weight prize-fighter," that his name might "go whirling around the world in the newspapers." His second, and present ambition was to be a well trained farmer. His life and his ideals changed together, as do yours and mine. The thief has his ideal of honor, even if this is modified by his profession, still he strives to live up to his ideal, and judges his fellows accordingly. The statesman who partitions or steals whole countries has, too, his ideals of modified honor, as shown by Talleyrand's self-reported reproof of Napoleon for cheating in the game, in reference to the scandalous manner of his dealing with unfortunate Spain.

If, then, we all have ideals, and these are forever influencing us it is a gravely practical matter, this question we are discussing to-day.

One very desirable thing about ideals is that they should be precise. He is fortunate who early in life attains a definite idea as to his future. It is a powerful element of success. If you read the confessions of successful men and women you will not always but very often find that their efforts were inspired by a definite image of what they wished to become. This one aim they struggled toward all their years, in due course of time accomplishing the great result. He or she was determined to be like this or that artist, writer, statesman, soldier, philanthropist—and approached, equalled or surpassed the inspiring original.

But definiteness of this kind is not the most important thing in relation to the ideals that are to influence our careers, be these careers public or private. The most determined nature is often deflected from its aims, but if it is governed by ideals of industry, of honor, of courage, of high attainment in whatever is undertaken, the man will find his place at whatever altitude circumstances make possible; and the world will be better for his having stepped into it for a while and done his part bravely.

Many a man and woman smiles in after years at the small proportions and narrow bounds of first ideals as to things to be accomplished in a career, but he or she is none the less glad that these ambitions were enthusiastically cherished.

When half-gods go,
The gods arrive.

Sometimes, on the other hand, is the faithful ideal not only exalted, but so enormous, so magnificent, so tainted with sentimentality and unreality that it is absolutely unattainable. Nevertheless, it has lifted hours that might have been sordid and depressed into the glow of imagination and hope; it has been the inspiration of monotonous labor; it has led, in due course, to the creation and realization of ambitions right and attainable.

There are certain ideals which come to us as an effect of that mysterious element which we call public opinoin, and there are others that are ours through accident or training. The tone that we take from our surroundings is very subtile in its formation and very hard for any of us to escape. Most people "go with the crowd." It is a tremendously important part of all culture, then, and all education, to put up a dam against the inundation of contiguous opinion. Nothing is harder to avoid than such overflow, and very few do avoid it. In other words, one great object of education is to bring to the intelligence a variety of information and of opinion from various worth-while quarters and points of view, so that there will be in the mind of the educated person a supply of materials that will serve in constructing the necessary barriers against a rush of popular emotion, or against some craze of the circumjacent crowd.

People in schools and colleges are taught to think for themselves; to form their own ideals. More than this, there is an attempt in every institution of learning, from the kindergarten up, to send students into the world with a stock of ideals so admirable and compelling that they will keep them on the straight path as long as they live. There is nothing more valuable to the life of the community than the reaction upon popular sentiment of minds that, through education, have attained a certain amount of independence and power of resistance, and which are thus capable of influencing, and even at times of forming, that public opinion upon which all government and all society are based.

To sum up what has gone before: It is not so important that the ideals of our lives should be minutely exact, as that they should be of a kind that may apply to all circumstances. It is more to the point that we should measure ourselves morally with some fine character which we enthusiastically admire, than that we should say, I will be a teacher like this one or that, a preacher, a poet, a publicist, orator, or what not. It is a good thing to have definite ideals; it is a better thing that one's ideals should be of a nature that makes them serviceable in all the developments and emergencies of life, and it is the most vitally important thing of all that our ideals should be altogether noble.

It would be interesting to speak of the two very notable idealists who were born, one of them just two centuries, the other one century, ago, this summer. Wesley's was a life for pure strenuousness matching, if not surpassing, any modern instance whatever, no matter how distinguished or picturesque, whether of Europe or America; a beautiful and ever memorable life, whose enormous altruistic energy was inspired and guided by an ideal no less high than the image of the one Supreme Altruist Himself, of Him, who, doing good, went up and down the ways of Palestine, as did his devoted disciple the roads and benighted

byways of Great Britain. As for Emerson, it is something for you and me to know that this unique genius added new glory to the tongue we speak; that this great citizen loved and believed in our America; that this superb character, this world-prophet, made sacred the very time, the very country in which we lived; that we to greatness are not altogether alien, for close to our ears has sounded a voice from the eternal.

I have been thinking much lately of two women who not long since passed beyond the veil. One died in the fulness of years; the other, in mid-career. One was a life almost entirely private; the other was one largely public. The lives of both were inspired and glorified, from beginning to end, by the noblest of ideals. I wish I could bring these two lives vividly before you, make you realize their golden ideality, and then say: This is what I mean! Here is what I wish for each of you! Go out into life furnished like them—not necessarily with definite ambitions, though that is well, but with something in your souls that will be the splendid and unforgotten standard of every action and desire! Take hold of the daily life—the life of to-day—in the same unrelinquished spirit of purity, of service, of serene faith in divinest things!

Herself unpublic and unobtrusive—one of these women was in her family relations, the center of a group of remarkable men and women. Not even her husband, while known as a philanthropist, was of the class of men prominently "public." With all his reserve, he was a man of such sterling character, and one having so deeply at heart all matters of good citizenship, that he was classed with those of our merchants who could always be counted upon in the cause of civic righteousness; his means and his counsel ever in war and peace, at the disposal of those who were in the thick of public endeavor; more than this, his personal taste and cultivation were actively exercised in furthering worthy movements in the pioneer days of reform in the last century. Well matched, indeed, this fortunate couple, in moral and intellectual attributes and enthusiasms.

The names of those near to them by birth or marriage are a roll-call of honor. Lowell, the patriot-poet; Curtis, the civic knight without fear or reproach; Barlow and young Lowell, the intrepid soldiers; Minturn, the good citizen; that daughter, whose lifetime of devotion to the poor has enshrined her in the hearts of the people of a mighty city; that son whose great monument on Beacon Hill was not needed to keep in remembrance one of the truest heroes that ever went solemnly to a sacrificial death. Others, too, I could name in the immediate circle—who, even to the third generation, were and are among our men and women of force, of good-will and wise philauthropy.

With her the virtues of citizenship were not an acquiescence but a passion. Graciously helpful to individual distress; giving out affection and hope tenderly and freely from her own generous stores, her sympathies covered countries and races. There was no endeavor of patriotism that she did not befriend. She inspired the inspirers. In the sacred privacy of her hearth and home men and women breathed the very air of heroism. To her the republic was like a mother beloved, whose pure fame must not be breathed upon—whose error, if error there was, could only be a passing aberration; who must be generous, righteous, noble. Let it not be forgotten of her that she loved music—and helped to bring its rest and benediction to the masses of the people; for she could enjoy selfishly no good thing in life. To her life was indeed ideal.

Of the other woman scarcely do I dare speak in these halls, where her memory and tradition are like a living presence. Here was a life in industry and energy marvelous and undaunted, dedicated to large and ever larger uses, and inspired from first to last by the loftiest ideality. Deeply she felt the impulse and clearly she saw the object of her labor—in herself, surrender, and service; for others, the lifting of the mind and soul through the truest methods of education to the highest possible levels. Few can hope to match her exceptional accomplishment, but her spirit—her spirit is here to-day an enobling and beckoning ideal in the hearts of teachers and students and all who cherish the beautiful memory of Alice Freeman Palmer. Judgment, tact, opportunity were hers, knowledge and experience, sympathy and affection, but above all was the inspiration of the unseen. Always she seemed to hear in the air above her, and ever follow with bright and perfect confidence, the rustling wings of the angel of the ideal.

To leave on one side the attractive contemplation of ideality as illustrated in personality—let us now consider certain of the ideals which need to be upheld very especially in our own day and among our own people. Naturally, speaking to women the thought uppermost is that of "home"—yes, the "institution" of marriage, the "institution" of home. It used to be that nothing more hopelessly, forlornly trite could be put forward on an occasion like this. But the singular thing about it is that there has of late come into practical effect a notion on this subject which makes the very theme such an immediate and burning question that, I give you my word, in the town where I live no one dares mention it, radically, if there is a single person present the details of whose social antecedents are not known! And, in fact, I am somewhat sensitive about bringing it here and now to your attention, for one never knows when—against the social amenities—blood may be drawn by a stroke in the dark. In a play by Brander Matthews, one of the characters says that divorce will never be as popular as marriage until it includes presents. (There, I did not mean to mention the hateful word!) But I remember that the play is already an old one. Helen Hunt used to say that she considered some things settled—and that marriage and the home were among these things; but that poet and idealist went from among us these many sad years ago. I cannot bring myself to mulitplying words on a theme like this, in a presence such as this—but can any one say that there is not a practical side to ideality, when the lack of a high ideal has broken up so many homes, has made so many orphans, has dragged down in so many minds and in so many lives that state which should be the noblest in the existence of humanity; that should have allied to it such a sense and standard of mutual forbearance, of mutual service, of self-control, of dignity, of consecration?

Another theme that has long seemed irreclaimably trite is that of the virtuous commonwealth—the idea of philosophers in all ages. We, in America, once well nigh assumed that the centuries had reserved for us and for our children this immemorial aim and desire of the good and wise. And to-day we scarcely dare to open the morning paper for dread of the revelations that may stare us in the face of new and even more hideous civic corruption. In one city government after another, and in state after state, even up to the administration of the general government, scandal follows scandal; till one is in danger of growing morbid and disheartened at the blackmail, bribery and partnership with crime—so often do our city governments exhibit, not honest men united in public service, but dishonest men united in public plunder; so often do political candidates emerge into the senatorial chamber of the world's chief republic, bearing not the laurels of honorable victory, but the odor of notorious crime; crime of the very kind that demoralizes citizenship, and, if unchecked, would destroy the nation itself!

We must not forget that these very revelations are signs and incidents of the fight against corruption; and one must never despair of the republic. But neither must one evade the truth, lest the evil increase.

And the evil is not merely political and governmental; it goes deeper—often into methods of business and finance, sometimes into the relations between capital and labor, frequently into the relations between men of affairs and the professional political manipulators. There is a pitiful, an unpatriotic lack of scruple on the part of men, who, while protecting property from the attacks of demagogues and adventurers in office, might be thought able themselves to resist the temptation of corrupt practices.

As few, if any of you, expect to have the opportunity of voting at elections, you may think that much of this is rather remote from your probable activities. You will find that it is not. When you go out from this college into the community, you will discover that women who neither vote nor wish to vote are directly assisting very effectively in political reforms of a local or national character throughout the country. Especially are they promoting to-day the pressing cause of civil service reform, and I do truly hope you may each be able to lend a helping hand. But it is not necessary to urge you into any path other than that which you anticipate. You will be doing a good work for the state and for society if you follow your professional, or your private, household lives—in the spirit that has been a part of the direct and indirect teaching of this institution of learning—to each of you so dear. You will be helping the honest citizenship of America, if, even without specific work for public political reform, you simply maintain and exalt, and are never, never ashamed of your youthful ideals of honor, of honesty and of moral courage.

Soon enough the question of political or financial scruple will be brought home to each of you—most likely through the best that is in you, through your friendly interest and natural affections. It may even be revealed to you that your own tacit demands are working havoc in the conscience of some one near to you, making it hard for him to refuse a usual acquiescence in some sort of rascality, in order that your comfort or your luxury may not be endangered.

You will not only be an influence for good or evil in the contacts of family and society, but you, with your culture, will have peculiar power in the formation of that public opinion which regulates government and life. What shall be your part in giving tone to your own home and to your own community? Will this not depend upon whether or not your own better ideals are kept bright and evident?

The envy of wealth and worldly success—what is more degrading? But who can keep, in entering a well-to-do household, from the unuttered query, What has been the price of this abundance? Has anything other than intense industry and application, unusual ability and opportunity, been paid for these possessions? Has honor been surrendered? Has tacit compliance with business or political crookedness been the price? Is the

possession of these goods guaranteed by a life which, in days of heroic moral conflict, basely abstains from all effort toward better things? Is this gorgeous rug a sign that the head of the house has got rich by bribing legislators? Is that costly painting not merely a proof of esthetic taste, but of moral callousness, in keeping silent while a partner or associate trustee made a corrupt deal. In a word, is this fortune built upon hard work, ingenuity and high principle, or upon unscrupulous greed? Is its possessor assuaging his conscience by philanthropical subscriptions, while knowing himself to be a coward and deserter—a miserable "quitter"—in the battle that men and women of honor and patriotism and moral bravery are waging all over this country in the cause of decency and good government?

Imagine yourself the woman of that house. What will be your responsibility; your moral attitude? I wish I could make you feel how grave the situation is in our land to-day Truly there is an emergency; there must be a revival of civic righteousness —a definite movement—and, directly or indirectly, every one of you can be of very real assistance.

There will be ideals in that house of yours. Will the nobler ideals be wrapped up and laid away, with a little pang of regret, or smile of superiority, and the dim remembrance of a prosy graduation address how many years ago? Or will they be living, present and radiant, and full of the good old-fashioned "power of salvation?"

I spoke of the monument to Colonel Shaw over there in Boston. I was staying across the lake yonder at the time of its unveiling, and went up from here to see the ceremony. It was a significant, a touching occasion. Particularly interesting it all was to me, for I had seen the work grow year by year under the hand of the patient master—our great sculptor, St. Gaudens—striving in his conscientious way to realize his own high aim. What a thrilling monument it is! When sculpture such as this, and the glorious Sherman just unveiled in New York are erected in public places, our cities are beginning to possess something of the artistic interest of the old Italian towns. You know the "Shaw" well. In these my closing words, let me recall its features to your memories, and let me be so bold as to ask you to associate this monument with the thought I have tried to impress upon you to-day. Remember the swing of the sable soldiery, with the cheerful faces of their race kindled into new determination; remember the slanting, decorative lines of their weapons; remember the sensitive, exquisite, resolute, devoted countenance of the young hero riding to his doom; remember the action, the tremendous urge; and over all, hovering in the air, the woman's form—the Ideal, eternally leading, eternally uplifting, eternally inspiring.

President Hazard's Commencement Address.

As this class of 1903 leaves the college walls, it is perhaps appropriate to pause for a moment and review the changes which they have seen since their entering four years ago.

The class of 1899 graduated one hundred and thirty-one members; this class has one hundred and forty-nine members. The numbers in college in 1899 were six hundred and eighty-six, in 1903 they are eight hundred and eighty-nine, an increase of nearly one-third in the four years. This growth of the college has not been a growth alone in numbers, but in extension in many directions. Twenty new courses have been added to the curriculum. In several departments notable advances have been made, especially in the growth of the departments of Art and Music and of some of the sciences. The new observatory has added very materially to the equipment of the college.

In 1899, while all the externals were in a flourishing condition, and the busy life went on, to those who had charge of the administration of the college, there was a heavy cloud on the horizon. The college was burdened by debt; it had small financial resources and was living on its income from day to day. It was most important to make this beautiful fabric secure, and the task was one of extreme delicacy, that of putting in foundation stones while the structure was already standing in apparent security. This task has taxed the patience and ingenuity of all concerned with the administration.

In the freshman year of this class, in 1900, through the strenuous and devoted exertions of the alumnæ, the college was relieved from debt and the first endowment secured. The work has gone on steadily of increasing the foundation thus auspiciously begun. This year, it is with great satisfaction that I can announce the heating plant as received from the hands of Mr. Rockefeller. Last year at this time, the condition of Mr Rockefeller's gift of a central heating-plant was announced, and we promised to endeavor to secure $150,000, to offset it. During this time, friends of Wellesley have contributed $170,000, more than fulfilling the condition. Of this sum, $18,000 is for scholarship endowment, and $2,000 is a gift from Miss Harriet Parker Kimball, for the purchase of originals from the antique, to be placed in the Art Building, to be known as the Day-Kimball donation. Deducting these sums it gives us over $150,000 as permanent college endowment, offsetting Mr. Rockefeller's gift, the sum of $150,000. In this new endowment money is included $25,000 for the endowment of the Chair of Music $10,000, for a choir fund for the support and encouragement of choir singing at Wellesley, and $15,000 for the endowment of the Chair of Economics.

Within the four years, from commencement time, 1899, until this year, the college has received over $730,000. Of this, $109,000 went to cancel the debt, and $150,000 is for the new heating-plant, which, it is estimated, will save us $10,000 a year. The Pomeroy bequest of $60,000 will give us a new dormitory. These sums, therefore, cannot be counted as college endowment. There is also $45,000 of scholarship endowment received within the four years. But deducting these amounts, it leaves our endowment nearly $400,000. By October of this year we have good hope that it will surpass this amount. The thanks of all Wellesley alumnæ and students are due to Mr. Rockefeller, but for whose encouragement and substantial gifts, this result could not have been obtained.

It is impossible to pass over this commencement season without some brief mention of the great loss which the college has sustained in the death of its former president, and honored trustee, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer. How she would have rejoiced at this completion of the year's work in which she had so warm and keen an interest! Her heart was here at Wellesley and her devotion untiring to all that concerned its welfare. At the Memorial meeting, which was held in the very month of her death, it was already suggested by her friends that some memorial should be made in her own college which should perpetuate her name and keep alive her influence. A committee of five, of which President Eliot was chairman, put the endowment of the Wellesley presidency at the head of the list. I am happy to announce that over $20,000 has been secured as the beginning of this endowment, and is included in the $150,000 of college endowment already spoken of. To this sum, graduates and friends of Wellesley, in widely different sections of the country, have sent contributions. The Wellesley clubs all over the United States have added their quota, and friends and admirers of Mrs. Palmer have been glad to contribute to the fund which shall perpetuate her name in the college of her love.

There is also founded in her name and in honor of her memory, the Alice Freeman Palmer Fellowship, which is endowed in the sum of $25,000; the income to be used by one person appointed by the Faculty. The conditions of this Fellowship are already in the hands of the alumnæ. It is founded in Mrs. Palmer's own spirit, open to any young woman, a graduate of any American college or university of an equal standing with Wellesley, who is not more than twenty-six years of age, and who has distinguished herself in the special studies to which she has devoted herself. It is the gift of a dear friend of Mrs. Palmer, whose benefactions to the college have already been great and of permanent and pervasive influence. But I venture to say that no gift to the college could be more rich in association and in inspiration than this gift of the Alice Freeman Palmer Fellowship, which we gratefully receive from the hands of Mrs. David P. Kimball.

Another loss closely associated with Mrs. Palmer's death, is that of Professor Wenckebach, for nineteen years connected with the college, and the organizer of the department of German, which has been famed throughout the land. Her devotion and friendship to Mrs. Palmer was always intense, and I cannot but feel that it was a touching coincidence that the two should have left this earthly life within the same month. Seldom has a college been called upon to mourn the loss of two such devoted friends in one year.

We can feel that the work of putting in foundation stones is practically completed, and it must be with thankfulness and satisfaction that all friends of Wellesley see the college on a firm basis, ready as never before to prosecute the work which comes to its hand with vigor and energy. As each achievement opens new possibilities, I must suggest that the next possible gift to the college should be a library. We have now fifty-four thousand volumes to house and use and in very inadequate space. The library was built for three hundred students; we now have nearly nine hundred.

But while we rejoice in the material prosperity, at the growth in the numbers of the students, at the firm foundation upon which the college now rests, the greater rejoicing must be that it is thus enabled to carry out its ideals more fully, to sow precious seed in more and more young lives. The temporal foundation is more securely laid only that the spiritual structure, the temple not made with hands, may rise in better promotion, in more perfect symmetry, with a more noble grace. You, the dear girls before me, who go out after these four eventful years from the shelter of your college, you are the living stones to be built into that growing temple of service to your country and to your race. In your hands lies the future of your college. We have obtained something of the temporal goods we need for the best work. But the chief things are the unseen and eternal, the ideal things we have been hearing of, which to-day with confidence and with joy the college commits afresh to all her daughters, as she welcomes, into the goodly fellowship of those who have had their training here, this new class, with all its hopes and aspirations,

Annual Meeting of the Alumnæ Association.

The twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Wellesley Alumnæ Association was held in College Hall Chapel at 10.30, A.M., June 24. The meeting was called to order by the President, Elva H. Young, '96. Owing to the absence of Lucy J. Dow, '92, Corresponding Secretary, and Mary Holmes, '92, Treasurer, the chair announced the appointment of Mrs. Carolyn D. Daggett, '93, to serve as Corresponding Secretary pro tem, and Bertha March, '95, to serve as Treasurer pro tem. The chair announced further that, by virtue of their degrees, all members of the graduating class are considered members of the Association. The reports of the Recording Secretary, of the Corresponding Secretary and of the Treasurer were read and accepted, as were also the reports of the Executive, the Historical and the Shafer Memorial Fund Committee.

The chairman of the Income Fund Committee, Mrs. Alice Upton Pearmain, '83, announced that after making necessary deductions, the possible net of the Income Fund of the fiscal year is $2,327.46. Martha H. Shackford, '96, was re-elected Alumnæ Editor of the Wellesley Magazine. The Palmer Memorial Fund Committee reported that $2,141.50 is the sum total raised by the Alumnæ; and it was voted that the present Palmer Memorial Fund Committee be continued for another year. The matter of entertaining non-graduates on Alumnæ Day was voted to be left to the discretion of the Executive Committee. In the intervals of the College Settlement Association, it was voted that the President of the Alumnæ Association appoint a committee of three to raise funds to establish a Wellesley College Settlement Fellowship.

Resolutions to the memory of Mrs. Palmer and of Professor Wenckebach were unanimously adopted with the provision that the same should be spread on the minutes of the Association; and it was voted that a Wenckebach Fund be established by the Alumnæ. The polls for the election of a committee of five to have in charge the election of the Alumnæ Trustee was closed at 11.30 A. M., and the following committee declared elected: Ellen F. Burrell,'80; Alice H. Luce, '83; Mary W. Capen, '98; Charlotte Conant, '84; Christine Caryl, '95.

The following motion was unanimously carried,—that 'an alumna requesting a room at a certain date during Commencement Week shall be considered as cancelling her order unless she appears at that date by six o'clock in the evening, or gives notice before that hour that she desires the room held for her. On motion, the meeting was declared adjourned.

FLORENCE S. M. CROFUT, '97,
Recording Secretary, W. A. A.

The Alumnæ Luncheon.

The Alumnæ luncheon followed the regular business meeting. As usual, it was served in College Hall dining-room. The toast mistress, Elva Young, '96, President of the Alumnæ Association, spoke a few words of welcome to 1903. She then introduced "One who has made possible one of the richest joys that ever comes into a girl's life—Mrs. Durant." Mrs. Durant's theme was "Our Motto." She made a strong appeal for the Students' Aid Association. The association has helped over one thousand students. She laid emphasis on the large number of payments made of small amounts. Miss Jeannette Marks, '00, spoke on "Social Life in Our Women's Colleges." Mrs. Adeline Thompson, '80, ascribed the origin of some of our "Wellesley Traditions" to the members of the ever-famous class of '80. Miss Kate I. Lord, '03, the President of the Student Government Association, told of the second year of Student Government. Miss Cornelia H. Rogers, '84, spoke on the Wellesley-Vassar debate. Miss Lilian B. Miner, '88, gave some statistics concerning "Wellesley Alumnæ." There are two thousand two hundred and twenty-five Alumnæ, and five hundred and fifty Alumnæ children. Last of all, President Hazard gave the toast, "June to June." She summarized the events of the year and gave some details of the way in which the Endowment Fund is being raised. She then spoke of her own class—the class of 1903. She closed with a few words of appeal to the Alumnæ to remember the highest ideals of Wellesley, which are the highest ideals of life. MARYAL KNOX, '01.

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The President's Reception.

The last event before Commencement itself, was the reception given by President Hazard to the Seniors and their guests on Monday evening, June 22. The first and second floor centers were crowded, and, in the Browning Room, President Hazard and Dean Pendleton received all the evening. The College Concert, which came at the same time, was given on the second floor by an excellent orchestra. The reception differed from most of those that we are accustomed to in its profusion of people we did not know, its scarcity of those we did know, and the vociferous, untiring efforts of the few to make us meet all the many. It was a merry ending to a dismal enough day,—the coolness of the night prevented any discomfort in the crowded halls, the spirited music kept us all in lively mood, and the hope of a clear to-morrow sent us home happy.

Notice—1903-1904.

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ALUMNÆ NOTES.

The editor of this column wishes to express her gratitude to all who have contributed alumnæ news during the past year; she wishes, also, to make a plea in behalf of the newly-elected editor, for more generous contributions in the future. Many alumnæ hesitate to send items, which would be of interest to their friends, not realizing that it is only by personal contributions that this information may be obtained.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Lewis, '91, has accepted an appointment in the State University of Missouri. Miss Lewis goes to the University as Advisor of Women, a title for which Columbia University furnishes the only precedent. Miss Lewis will offer one or two courses in graduate and undergraduate work in English Literature, and will also be Head of Reed Hall, a new stone building just completed for the accommodation of twenty-five women students of the institution.

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c. Serenade ..... Conradi
Glee Club.

II. a. "Mobile Prance" ..... Brown
b Valse, Amoureuse ..... Rudolph Berger
Mandolin Club.

III. a. "Love's Question, ... E. Meyer-Helmund
b. "A Little Dog Barked at the Big Round Moon" ..... Grace Wilbur Conant
Glee Club.

IV. "Trip Round the World" ..... Aubrey Stauffer
Mandolin Club.

V. a. "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" J. W. Hill
b. "Nursery Rhymes" ..... Arthur F. M. Constance
Glee Club.

VI. a. "Cupid's Garden, ... Arranged by Louis Noraben
b. "The Passing Band" ..... G. L. Lansing
Mandolin Club.

VII. a. "Mens Sana" ..... Junius W. Hill
Words by Katherine Lee Bates.
b. Selected.
Glee Club.

VIII. "Hiawatha" ..... Neil Moret
Mandolin Club.

IX. "Alma Mater" ..... Glee and Mandolin Clubs

Degrees Conferred June 23, 1903.

MASTER OF ARTS.

Mary Louise Brown, (B. S. Wellesley, '93,) ..... Troy, N. Y.
Chemistry and Applied Mathematics.

Florence Converse, (B. S., Wellesley, '93,) ..... Boston, Mass.
English Literature.

Bertha March; (B. A., Wellesley, '95,) ..... Cambridge, Mass.
English Language and Literature.

Jeanette Augustus Marks, (B. A., Wellesley, 1900,)
South Hadley, Mass.
English Language and Literature.

Maud Metcalf, (B. A., Wellesley, 1900,) ..... Boston, Mass.
Zoology and Botany.

Katie Marie Opperman, (B. A., University of Indiana, 1901,)
Cochran, Ind.
Botany and Zoology.

Mary Caroline Smith, (B. A., Wellesley, 1901,) ..... Boston, Mass.
Psychology and Philosophy.

Alice Belle Stratton, (B. A., Carleton College, 1900,)
Northfield, Minn.
History.

BACHELOR OF ARTS.

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